




REVIEW

1945



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I. Cheltham

June 1945'



Our School

Editorial

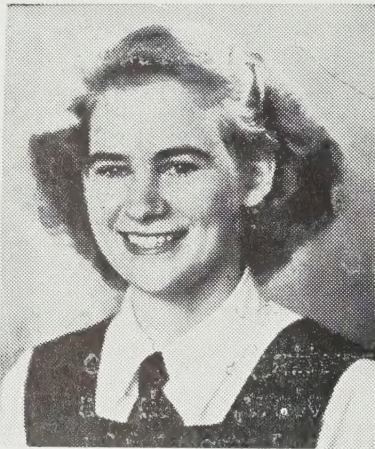
We have great pleasure in presenting this, the fifth number of the Norfolk House Review, with its summary of our doings through the School year 1944 - 1945. We hope that its contents will be enjoyed and that the new arrangements will add to the pleasure of our readers.

This year has been a memorial year throughout the world, and here, as everywhere the news of the end of the war in Germany with Victory in Europe brought a sense of relief and rejoicing.

Many families whose members have been separated or interned in foreign countries have been reunited or look forward to reunion in the near future. Some of our girls returned home to England this year, as others have done from many parts of this continent. We hope to keep in touch with them and thus another link will be forged between Canada and Britain.

Many of the old girls have enlisted in the Forces and have served their country in various ways during the War. We who leave school this year hope that we may be able to follow their example, not in the field of war but in helping to build up a secure peace in this world so broken by strife.

SIXTH FORM

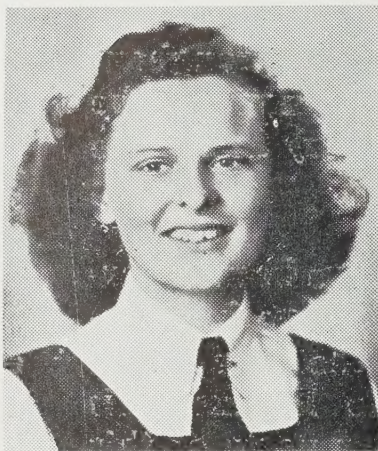


J. Ridewood

Jane Ridewood (Ridgewood) :
Hockey Captain, Caister Games
Captain, Prefect, Advertising Man-
ager of the School Magazine.

“Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity”.

(Milton)



K. Anderson

Katherine Anderson (Katy) :
Head Girl, Caister House Captain,
Basketball Captain, Co-editor of the
N.H.S. Review.

“I an incipiebo, sedere facebo,
In dog-latin she quoth,
Euge! Sophos! Hurray!”

(Wordsworth)



L. Allen

Lavender Allen (Lavie) :
Games Secretary, Librarian, Prefect

“I wandered lonely as a cloud
That florts on high o’er vales and
hills”.

(Wordsworth)

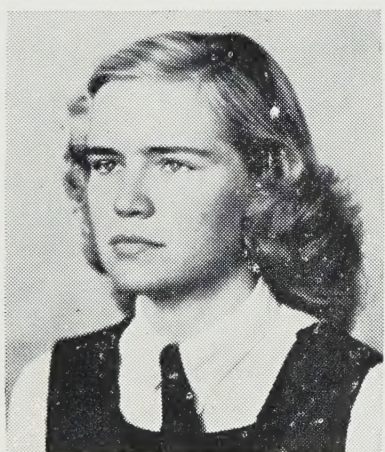


C. Corner

Catherine Corner (Corner) :
Softball Captain.

"Gabble, gabble - - - brethren - - -
gabble, gabble".

(Graves)

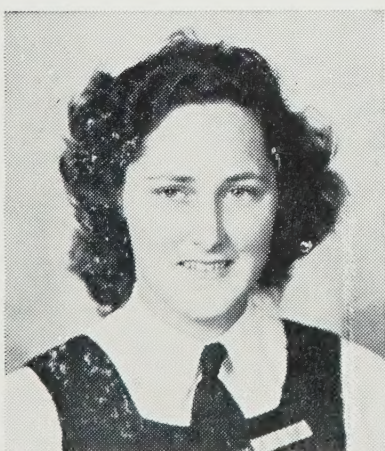


M. Marsh

Mary Marsh (Mush) :
Vice-Captain, Hockey Prefect.

"The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty".

(Lovelace)



A. Robertson

Ann Robertson (Bonesey) :
Wymondham House Captain, Prefect,
Vice-Captain of Basketball,
Co-editor of N.H.S. Review.

"The Highwayman came riding - -
- - riding - - riding - -".

(Noyes)



A. Harrison

Audrey Harrison (Harry):
Prefect, Confiscator (a Restigouche
gold mine!)

"I will pack and take a train
And get me to England once again".

(Brooke)



F. Clarke

Frances Clarke (Frankie):
Librarian, Art Manager of Review.

"But to go to school on a summer
morn

Oh! it drives all the joy away".

(Blake)



The Christmas Party

At Christmas time the Sixth Form decided to give a party for the school. We all thought it would be amusing to make each girl wear a fancy headdress, and give prizes for the best and most original ones. To add a further note of humour to the occasion, the Sixth Form all wore their hair plaited and tied with large plaid ribbons.

The Juniors particularly enjoyed this competition, and when Mrs. Cheetham joined the Grand March wearing Bargy's dish for a "chapeau" there was great excitement. The judges decided that G. Duncan, P. Braide and E. Ridewood were the winners and that Mrs. Cheetham should have a special prize.

Following the event we had a treasure hunt, which was great fun, and was won by Mrs. Thompson's team. After a number of other games in which we all enjoyed ourselves immensely, refreshments were served, and everyone relaxed to talk over the various items of the entertainment.

The party was judged a great success, and Sixth Form felt well rewarded for their efforts.

A. Harrison.

DOLLS

Miss McLeod has a large collection of dolls which she has collected as a hobby during the past two years. One afternoon in the Easter term she very kindly brought some of her dolls to the school and told us their history.

She has dolls of all descriptions and from many countries. One of her oldest dolls had been found in one of the Egyptian tombs, and was made of clay. Another which she showed us was about an inch tall, beautifully dressed and fitted into the shell of a walnut. The girls were also very interested in a doll which had three faces. Each face portrayed a different emotion; and the head twisted to show whatever face was wanted.

Miss McLeod has a very interesting hobby. All the girls were fascinated with the dolls and the stories Miss McLeod had to tell about them.

THE DANCE

I looked in, as I was passing, at the open door of the Gymnasium.

The rib-stalls were hidden under a curtain of white Spiraea, and Golden Broom. Near the piano was a platform draped with bunting and banked with flowers. Gay coloured streamers softened the outlines of the uncurtained windows, and busy hands were arranging chairs and flower-laden tables in a corner of the room. "Of course," I thought, "for the chaperones of the party", for after the first shock of surprise at this unexpected transformation I remembered having heard that the "Old Girls" had invited the Senior School to a Dance. These must be the preparations for it. And these must be the Old Girls.

"Very **young** Old Girls" I thought, "but then you **are** pretty young when you begin being an Old Girl, and perhaps these have not been Old Girls very long".

"I must fly" I heard one of them say, "Mother is looking after the baby for me while I am here, but I promised to be back by 12:30."

"I don't know what Edwin will say" murmured another, "I left a note to tell him there was some cold meat in the pantry, and would he help himself if he got home first. I can't leave these lovely flowers till they are all arranged." "Dinah's husband is on leave and is coming with her to-night. I wish George could come too" sighed a third.

Obviously **quite** young Old Girls! But I noticed that they worked as they talked, and before they left, the transformation of the Gymnasium and the Class Rooms was complete.

As I passed the Gymnasium on my way home, the Dance was in full swing. I looked in at the door again. What a charming scene! How happy they all looked! My young friends of the morning in long dance-dresses of palest blue and pink and green dancing with their friends from the Royal Naval College. Lorenzo and Jessica, Blondie and Dagwood, Orpheus and Eurydice floated by to the strains of the orchestra. Delightful! but where were the school girls? I looked in vain for the familiar pigtaileds and the long black stockings and the short - sometimes very short - tunics that I knew

THE DANCE - - continued

so well. But how stupid of me! Of course they would be wearing their "party frocks", longer perhaps than tunics, but not much. Ah! here surely were some of them. A trio of laughing girls in dainty "party frocks" approached me - a trio of jolly care-free school girls. But what were they saying "It's all right Cynthia, we've made the coffee and everything is ready. How are our young enjoying themselves " Then **these** were the Old Girls! And who were the dancers?

A sudden thought struck me. Were they - - ? Was it possible - - - ? Had the school girls too shared in the transformation

"Yes, I'm thirsty too, let's go and have some punch", said a voice that sounded oddly familiar, and a stately young goddess in primrose-yellow with her dancing partner who, I reflected, might one day be an Admiral, swept past me as they went in search of the punch. Where had I heard that voice before? Of course! on the hockey-field, as I picked up the ball that same one had obligingly hit in my direction. "Drop it, Prince, drop it!"

Then I was right: there had been a transformation. How strange! Old young Girls! Young Old Girls! And what happens when Old Young Girls become Young Girls? **Too** Confusing! From the house I heard my mistress whistle me. It was late and long past my bedtime. As I climbed the hill towards my kennel, "O tempora! O mores!" I sighed. It is all the Latin my mistress has taught me. I hope the spelling is correct.

CUSTOS PRINCEPS.



SCHOOL PINS

This year we ordered school pins in the shape of a small green shield. The initials "N.H.S." are engraved on it in white, and the first words of our school motto, "Do Thy Best" are inscribed above them.

A large copy of the pin is printed on the cover of the Review.



Drill and Dancing Display

We were all sorry to hear in September that Mrs. Green was not returning to school, but we were very pleased to welcome Mrs. Horsfield, who was no stranger to us. Mrs. Horsfield had more than once judged the Drill Competitions at school and we know that her standards were high. Under her skilful direction a demonstration of the work we had been doing with her was arranged, and was presented in the Gymnasium on February 28th.

The programme included a series of gymnastic exercises performed by Junior and Intermediate Classes, followed by a table of Fundamental Exercises, and a display of Vaulting and Mat-work by the Seniors. This was followed by a very attractive Ball-Drill. Three dance numbers brought the programme to a conclusion. The Juniors wearing brown and scarlet appeared in "The Fairies and the Mushrooms"; then came "The Hunter's Dance" by a group of Intermediates in Lincoln Green and Red: and finally a ballet by the Senior Class in costumes of pale pink and blue.

Tea was served in the School, and a collection was taken in aid of our "Restigouche Fund".



CHANG SHU CHI

Last Autumn the fifth and sixth forms went to Victoria High School to see a demonstration of Chinese Art, by Mr. Chang Shu-Chi, who is a Professor in Fine Arts, in the National Central University of Chung-King.

Professor Chang, who was sent to this continent by the Chinese government, has been traveling all over the United States and Canada, giving exhibitions of his paintings. Although he acquired all his art training in China, he uses modern artistic influences, and paints in a free, yet highly idealized manner.

In the school auditorium, we were greeted by the Hon. Mark Kearley, and were shown an interesting colour film of Mr. Chang painting in China. Then in the library we met Dr. Chang himself, and watched the artist give a demonstration of his work. As he worked, he talked to us, describing his technique, and joking delightfully. We were fascinated by the deftness of his strokes, and surprising skill and rapidity with which which he could produce a sketch. As Dr. Hu Shih has said:.

“In Professor Chang’s paintings, one sees an old art tradition revitalized by a new love of beauty and freedom and by a new courage of experimentation.”

Lavender Allen.

OVERSEAS PARCELS

Last summer a letter was received from Coleen Moore, a twelve year old “bombed-out” girl in England. She wrote thanking us for a kit-box her mother received on leaving hospital. We had sent numerous kit-boxes over sometime before, with an inscription inside; we were delighted to receive this acknowledgement from Colleen and her mother.

Colleen told us her father and brother had been killed and her mother sent to hospital. The girls gathered candies, soups, Klim milk and biscuits eagerly and we sent parcels to the Moores, which we have heard were very much appreciated. The latest letter of thanks was written by Colleen’s sister, informing us of her mother’s death. Our deepest sympathy goes out to these girls in England.

A Visit To The Legislature

On Wednesday, March the fourteenth, 1945, the sixth and upper fifth forms paid a visit to the afternoon session of the Legislature. For most of us, it was a new and interesting experience.

We were seated in the Speaker's Gallery and provided with copies of a seating plan enabling us to identify the distinguished members of all Parties. Unfortunately we could not see the speaker, but were as impressed by the white gloves and formal ceremony of the sergeant-at-arms as by the informality and gay spirits which prevailed among the members.

A touch of colour was added to the scene by the presence of the Large rosy apples on all the members' desks, and needless to say, we eyed these fruits enviously.

Immediately below us was the Press Gallery, where the exacting work of reporting the work went on, to our great interest. While we were there, the important Power Bill passed the first reading, and we were impressed to learn later, that before the end of the afternoon session, an account of this bill's passing had already appeared in the evening paper.

That afternoon a number of bills passed their first or second reading. Among these was a Social Welfare Bill which passed its second reading. This was a point of interest to the sixth form which had made a study of Social Security in British Columbia. This bill included many services already enforced; and demand a higher standard of welfare services from the cities if the government assistance grants were to continue. On this topic of Social Welfare the new C.C.F. member for Vancouver, made an interesting speech favouring a unified and all-embracing plan of social security in the province.

The most important bill of the afternoon which passed its first reading, was the Electric Power Bill. This bill provided for a three man commission with authority from the government to take over twenty-three private electric power operations, to expand their services, and suggested that the cities hold plebiscites to determine the fate of the B.C. Electric Company. It was passed unanimously although it was considered by the C.C.F. to be too limited in scope.

A VISIT TO THE LEGISLATURE.

One of the last bills to be introduced was brought in by the C. C.F. but postponed until another meeting. It was to grant East Indians the vote in British Columbia.

We were very fortunate to have this privilege of going to a session of the Legislature because it gave us a glimpse of how our Provincial Government operates and it gave us some idea of the social, economic and political problems which arise here.

Catherine Corner.

RIDING

Horse-back riding was included in our school activities this year. Every Wednesday afternoon about fifteen girls gathered at the Victoria Riding Academy for an hour's ride through the Uplands. In wet weather the riders practised in the Riding Building.

Under the instructress beginners soon learned the first steps and joined the other riders, who were concentrating on improving their style. Altogether, Wednesday's riding lessons were much enjoyed.

HOME ECONOMICS

The Home Economics pupils had a full program this year. The "budding" cooks worked in the Home Economics kitchen for many hours. They cooked meat; they made cup-cakes, muffins, apple-sauce, sandwiches and cocoa - in fact they learned a large number of things which fall between "soup" and "nuts".

The girls also made summer dresses and aprons. They trimmed and embroidered their aprons until they could hold them up before themselves and say "my ideal"! Yes - among the Home Economics students there are first-rate housewives in the making.



HOWLERS

A junior m'imicking a radio program ends in a very business-like voice: This is the Canadian Broadcasting Situation.

A new little girl is talking in the cloakroom.

Prefect: Stop talking.

New girl; Why aren't we allowed to talk?

Junior: Shhh - She's a perfect!

Mrs. X who had received a supply of soap and bath salts for Christmas remarked: I shall be able to spend all my hol days in the bath.

Mrs. Y's comment: What a blessing!

Mistress: What is the opposite to optimist?

Junior: A pestimist.

Wondering Mistress: What does that mean

Junior: One who is a perfect pest!

Juniors make some strange spelling mistakes - but so do the Seniors!

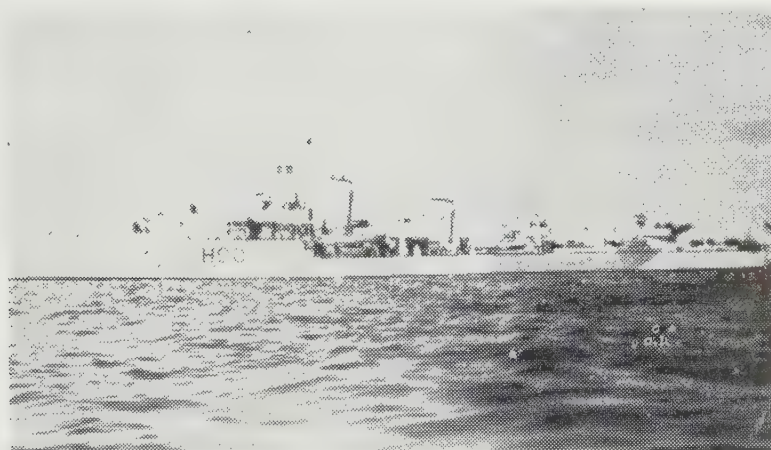
ewontity - - - (quantity)

Seenyers - - - - (Seniors)

agsames - - - - - (exams)

sikick - - - - - (phychic)

H.M.C.S. RESTIGOUCHE



In the Autumn term Commander Fife very kindly visited the school and brought news of our adopted ship, H.M.C.S. Restigouche. He told us of the ship's movements at the beginning of the war when he was aboard her. Restigouche was originally an English ship but was given to Canada soon after the declaration of war. She was part of a flotilla present at the meeting of the Atlantic Charter, and she played her part in the invasion of France; but much of her work has been convoying ships across the Atlantic. Lt. Cmdr. P. Hadon is now skipper of the Restigouche and replaces her former Commanding Officer, Lt. Com. David Groos, who is now at the Royal Canadian Naval College.

During this year we have sent magazines, pocket books, socks, and indian-wool sweaters to the Petty Officers aboard the Restigouche. At Christmas a parcel was sent containing nuts, candied peel, raisins, handkerchiefs, playing cards and other articles which we hope help to cheer the festival.

We were very pleased to receive from the Chief and Petty Officers an autographed picture of the H.M.C.S. Restigouche. The picture has been framed and hangs now in the school so that all the girls may see their adopted, ship "Rusty".

SPORTS DAY

This year we experimented and had our sports day on Saturday. It was a great success; the weather was fine, allowing the spectators to watch in comfort. With the combined help of Mrs. Cheetham, Sheila Stewart, and the Judges, the races ran smoothly and in quick succession.

The first race started off with a "bang" consisting of a dozen girls in sacks. They stumbled to a box for a shoe, clambered over balancing boards and struggled under nets; they even bounced with eggs on spoons - still in sacks!

The five girls in the two hundred and twenty yard race started off with resolute steadiness and ended with a "run for their lives" Jane Ridewood was the victor. The Senior Hundred yard dash came to a close finish with Terry Castle in the lead. Jill Parker won the seventy-five dash; Annette Cabledu ran first in the Intermediate race.

House relay races were run in the middle of the afternoon. All adorned with their House Colours and urged by wild yells, the three teams circled the field; in the senior relay Caister came in first, Wyndmonham second, Walsingham third; the junior relay ended, Walsingham first, Caister second, and Wyndmonham third.

The crowd moved down to the tennis courts a short time later to watch the high-jumpers. Junior High Jump was won by Jill Parker, Intermediate by Mary Adamson, and Jane and Elizabeth Ridewood tied with four feet and seven inches in the senior jump.

After the Parents, Old Girls and Visitors' races, the centre of interest turned to the long jump pit. Here Yvonne Christian won the junior jumps, Mary Adamson the intermediate jumps, and Elizabeth Ridewood the senior.

Tea was served in the school near the close of events. Parents were also shown art work and sewn articles in the gymnasium & Sewing room.

As always the afternoon was topped "off" with the prize-giving. The prizes were given by Mrs. R. B. Robertson and were

SPORTS DAY

accepted with varying expressions of pleasure especially from the younger girls. The highlight was the announcement of Caister's victory over Wyndmonham and Walsingham for the House Sports Cup. The girls returned home weary and very happy; it is hoped the afternoon was enjoyed as much by the visitors as by the girls.

HOCKEY

Many afternoons were spent on determined hockey practise this year. The girls **were** eager and practised hard. Though the matches against other schools were not successful, we think this years work on the hockey field has produced some promising players for next year.

On Saturday, the fourteenth of April, we played at the Oak Bay High School for the Bridgeman Cup. Other Schools taking part were; Victoria High School, Oak Bay High School, Esquimalt High School, Queen Margaret's School, and Strathcona Lodge School. We would like to congratulate Queen Margaret's School team who played a wonderful game and finally received the Cup.

The Norfolk House team distinguished itself by coming last, having made no goals at all; still we look forward to better years.

OUR HOCKEY TEAM

Centre half	J. Ridewood	Left wing	K. Neher
Right half	D. Lee	Left inner	A. Robertson
Left back	M. Marsh	Centre forward	J. Collar
Right back	M. Jones	Right wing	E. Ridewood
Goal	J. Buchanan	Left half	K. Anderson



News of N.H.S. Old Girls



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Diana Stokes in Belgium



Diana C. Stokes, wife of Commander E. H. G. Stokes R. N., H.M.S. Vengeance, has been serving with the Canadian Legion for more than a year. She is now in Brussels administrating a Canteen. About three thousand meals are served a day to men in the allied forces; unfortunately there are not enough women in the canteen so the Canadian Legion girls are very hard pressed.

Diana writes to her mother, Mrs. H. R. Hammond; "This

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DIANA STOKES IN BELGIUM.

restaurant was opened at ten days notice, and since there was not even a kitchen it had to be hastily improvised to turn out three thousand meals a day. So you can imagine that the improvements needed seemed endless". She goes on to say that the "Belgium government does some things, the Army others, and the Auxiliary services others, and by the time I have tried to sort out which is prepared to do what, and when, I have a headache."

Apparently the restaurant is a military establishment with all army rations not Canadian goods; altogether Diana seems to be very busy, does not have much help, yet appears to be in the best of spirits.



Sylvia Collier-Wright has been teaching at a School in St. John — Newfoundland.

Mrs. J. S. Coulter (Priscilla Wright) has left for Montreal after a long stay in Victoria.

Phyllis Cowan has been doing Radio Work in Edmonton.

Mrs. Chas. Field (Dorothy Campbell) has joined her husband in England.

Jo Forbes is at Canadian General Hospital No. 22, in England.

Joan Forbes W.A.A.F. is stationed at Base Headquarters in Colombo.

Ursula Forbes is in charge of Physical Training at Y.W.C.A. at Edmonton.

Ernestine Hayes is a Stenographer at the Military Hospital in Victoria.

Betty Lou Horton has graduated in Physiotherapy at Stanford University.

Margaret Izard is doing Occupational Therapy at Tranquille.

Mrs. Keith Jones (D. Marshall) has joined her husband in India.

Rosemary James is majoring in Chemistry at U.B.C.

Mrs. Alex Lawrason (Jean Mayhew) was Dietitian at the Jubilee Hospital.

Iva Lisicka gained 1st. Class Honours in 2nd. year at U.B.C.

Joyce Marriott is a Script-writer with the National Film Board at Ottawa.

Pam Mitchell gained 1st. Class Honours in 3rd. year at U.B.C.

Joy Munday is studying Art.

Aileen O'Halloran is a clerk stenographer with the Government of India Commission at Washington D.C.

Mary Robertson won the Gold Medal for Physical Training in her first year at Macdonald College, Montreal.

Mrs. Gordon Sinclair (Joan Livingstone-Learmonth) is living in Winnipeg.

Peter Williams is studying Commercial Art in the University of Washington.

Mary Worsley has been taking a Post-Graduate course at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

Norma Garrard has finished her Course in a Business School and is working in a Law Office in Victoria.

Mrs. Alan Sinclair (Helen Forbes) does part-time work as a Physiotherapist for the Workmen's Compensation Board in Vancouver.

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BIRTHS

BARCLAY - Paymr. Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. John Barclay (Elizabeth Martin) a daughter.
CRAIG - Lt. and Mrs. Ian Craig (Patsy Watson) a daughter.
CUNNINGHAM - Maj. and Mrs. Douglas Cunningham (Ivy Brown) a daughter.
FERGUSON - F.O. and Mrs. R. Ferguson (Eileen Carter) twin girls.
FIELD - Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Field (Dorothy Campbell) a daughter.
GRAHAM - Mr. and Mrs. V. Graham (Daphne Morris) a daughter.
GRANT - Fl. Sgt. and Mrs. Ross Grant (Stella Sery) a daughter.
HOMER - Capt. and Mrs. G. Homer (Joan Cudmore) a son.
LEE - Lt. and Mrs. Jack Lee (Daphne Preston) a son.
LAWRIE - Mr. and Mrs. D. Lawrie (Philippa Shaw) a daughter.
MARSHALL - Lt. and Mrs. S. B. Marshall (Buntie Sloan) a son.
MAYHEW - Mr. and Mrs. Logan Mayhew (Margaret Bucklin) a daughter.
MOWAT - Mr. and Mrs. R. Mowat (Pauline Livingstone Learmouth) a son.
MURRAY - Sgt. and Mrs. R. Murray (Evangeline Phillips) a daughter.
ROBITAILLE - Lt. and Mrs. Robitaille (Gladwyn Beasley) a son.
ROXBURGH - Lt. and Mrs. J. Roxburgh (Gwen Wright) a son.
SHERWOOD - Mr. and Mrs. M. Sherwood (Connie Stephens) a son.
WELLAND - Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. R. Welland (Stephenie Campbell) a son.
WELLS - Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wells (Peggy Garrard) a son.
CHURCHILL - Maj. and Mrs. G. A. Churchill (Margie Fraser) twins. Jonathan & Jane
in India.

In The Services

C.W.A.C.

Primmie Adamson.

R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

Marjorie Barr - Newfoundland.

Desiree Davis - Comox.

Pat Gibson.

Molly Horsfield.

Frances Watt - England.

Helen Woodcroft - England.

NURSES IN TRAINING.

Jane Bolton.

Christine Humble.

Grace Solly.

W.R.C.N.S.

Kythe MacKenzie - Halifax.

Mary Stephens - Ottawa.

Betty Carr.

AT VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Shiela Stewart.

Winonah Worsley.

MARRIAGES

Bird - McCallum. - Lt. J. Bird R.C.N.V.R. and Mollie McCallum.

Larrance - Hamersley: Clifford Larrance and Patricia Hamersley.

Pinhorn - McMurray: Lt. V. Pinhorn R.C.N.V.R. to Betty McMurray

Elsdon - Wells: Lt. M. Elsdon to Barbara Wells.

LITERARY



THE STREAMLET

There was a little stream
Went gurgling on its way,
'Neath branches of Forget-me-nots,
And boughs of willow gay.

No poet strayed, with thoughtful brow,
His verses rare to weave;
No village artist loitered there
Beneath the trees at eve.

It made a mirror for the trees,
So lofty, stately, fair,
Which o'er its rustling surface flung
Their shadows light as air.

How often in the summer noon
The shadows lightly played;
And peeping through the scented leaves,
A golden sunbeam strayed.

And sometimes on an Autumn eve,
A single silvery star,
Reflected in its tranquil depths,
Shone out from heaven afar.

Audrey Harrison.
V1 Form.

IN MEMORIAM

On April twelvth of this year, Franklin Delano Roosevelt died in his home at Warm Springs, Georgia. It is regretable that he could not have lived to see the completion of one of his primary aims - - to end the war in Europe and bring peace in the quickest and surest way. During the past twelve years, he has done much to promote friendliness and goodwill throughout the world. His death on the eve of victory was felt deeply by all the Allied Nations. He gave his life for his country as truly as the soldier who is slain in the firing line. He died in the path of duty, and could have wished for no better epitaph.

The Roosevelt domestic and foreign policies now rank with those of Washington, Lincoln and Wilson. He came into office at the time when unemployment had reached the highest peak. Through his able administration he ensured millions of his people employment, health and general welfare.

Two months before Mr. Roosevelt introduced the New Deal in America, Adolf Hitler came to power, and began his New Order, first upon Germany and later upon all Europe. It is to the credit of Mr. Roosevelt that he rallied American opinion against the oppressor, and through the years that followed, fought with courage and wisdom for peace and freedom.

In seeking to praise his contribution to the world during his twelve years in the White House, we can truly say that he was one of the world's greatest men, whose mark upon his country and upon all peoples has been profound and enduring.

"O fortunate man! who tilled the stubborn soil
Of hearts, undeviant from your earliest vow - -
With what deep silence we re-view your toil,
Your hope - - - - - a parable now."

Frances Clarke.

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THESE EXAMINATIONS

Oh Gosh! Monday morning and a history exam., but I had such a “super” week-end even if I didn’t do much studying! Anyway I have five minutes to learn some dates:

Queen Elizabeth	- - -	I dozen ice-creams
Battle of Hastings	- - -	\$1.85
Frank Sinatra	- - - -	1453

Oh help, here comes Miss with the papers, “Now Girls, put everything off your desks except your pens. “Oh golly — Henry VIII had six pairs of nylon stockings (wow, he must have gone to the blackmarket!)

“You can have 60 minutes to complete the examination! Good, that’s “loads of time.” Let me see now, um — WHEN DID QUEEN VICTORIA DIE? Oh that’s simple — E-8325

“Oh dear, I forgot to listen to Henry Aldrich last night and I must remember to go to the co-ed club on Friday night (I wish Miss would leave the window alone I can’t concentrate) Now, um, Oh yes history exam. ugh! 30 more minutes. — — — EXPLAIN IN DETAIL THE CHARACTER OF CÆSER. Well I had 17 strawberry whips with nuts and cherries in a green glass dish and a bald head.

“Stop kicking me Susan, I’m very busy! Oh sorry — Hey Ann pass this note to Katherine from Susan.”

“Now then where was I? WHEN DID THE WORLD WAR END? — That was year before my great-grandfather was born. Oh, I wish I could have seen that Lone Ranger movie again.

“Oh yes! WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION? — Um — Good gracious — How should I know? I wasn’t alive then. Oh “Gee wizzishers” there’s the bell and I haven’t nearly finished — “How time flies.”

“Collect the papers Diana, and see that everyone has her name on her paper. Oh good heavens! I forgot to put my name and it is probably the only thing that would have been right.”

Elizabeth Ridewood
V Lower

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THE WILD JOYS OF CAMPING

Camping is the greatest fun; in fact it is one of the highlights in my summer holidays - camping only, however, on one condition. I knew that presently, I shall hear low mutterings from your direction, when you have heard this preference of mine. The mutter will be to this effect; " - - - - most unsociable creature - - - - mutter, mutter - - - - glad I don't have to go camping with her - - - - ."

However, the fact remains, I really prefer camping by myself. You never have the feeling that someone else is suffering untold agony because you forgot to bring a certain article of apparently maximum importance, the existence of which you were more or less unaware. For example: perhaps you forgot the one and only saucepan; hence, they appear in the latest fashion, speared on a fork, and toasted over a smokey campfire.

What is the fun of camping, I ask you, if you cannot wash the dishes and the floor with the same basin, 'though not perhaps at the same time?

By yourself you are free to go fishing for as long as ever you like, and catch as little as you can; and no-one is there to be bored. The last time I was blessed with company on a fishing expedition, my companion nearly developed hysterics, fearing that her legs would be sunburnt. So I wrapped her legs up in boards, and all my available fishing-tackle, and draped her tender face with my fish net, and all my handkerchiefs. Needless to say, we were both desperately bored by our mutual discomfort.

Last summer I was very relieved that there was no-one there to laugh at me. I hooked something dreadfully heavy, and hung my head over the edge of the boat in joyful anticipation of a really breath-taking catch. Horrors! it makes me shiver to think of it. My face intercepted an astonishingly colossal, gaudily orange, and desperately writhing, starfish; and do you think I could unhook the beast? Apparently he had attached great importance to our enjoyable world of clams and fish-hooks! Finally I discouraged him, and he faded back to his own fishy regions.

Another situation which was very funny since I was alone, but would have been rather difficult had I possessed a fellow sufferer, was a "slight" shortage of food. I ran completely out of butter, bread, milk and everything in fact except canned beans and fruit cake. Accordingly, my last breakfast consisted of milkless tea, made with luke-warm water; and with this delectable beverage, I managed to wash down some cold pork and beans, and a tomato and fruitcake sandwich. With this for sustenance, I peddled home on my bicycle, my remaining luggage, consisting of a sleeping-bag and a hairbrush, in the carrier.

Of course I had had great fun and yet I was not sorry to see some genuine breakfast. I still maintain, however, that camping is delightful when one is alone.

Patricia Lloyd.
V Upper

“SUMMER SLEEPLESSNESS”

The end of a long day, hot summer day - -
And who so glad as I
To take my sleeping-bag, and lie
In a soft deep bed of hay?

But now I must explain:—
I have a drastic aim
Never to sleep in one place twice,
Be it ever so soft and nice,
It's much more fun to move around
Than lie in only one hole in the ground.

At first I was not at all ambitious —
I was almost afraid that something vicious
Might find me on its midnight prow,
Mistake me for some fancy fowl,
And straight devour me on the spot —
Bed, pyjamas and the lot!

As time went on my nerves increased,
My vivid hallucinations ceased;
And the large black beetles under the leaves
Found a peaceful haven upon my sleeves.
Beasts, bugs and all — no matter what,
They all found rest in my small plot.

This is Summer Sleeplessness, Insomnia with reason;
There were mishaps — much against my will
I have even rolled down an occasional hill!
And at the start of every day —
The sun would take me by surprise
By shining brightly in my eyes,
No matter where or how I lay.

Patricia Lloyd.
V Upper.

“SNAIL'S FORETHOUGHT”

Sally Snail was slow, and in a race
She'd never be the winner.
So when her friend, Sam Slug,
Invited her to dinner,
Quite early she began to dress,
And started off at five,
Thus hoping, as she dined at eight,
In time she would arrive.

Audrey Rockingham.
11 Upper

THE SNAILS.

(A DOGgerel)

The snaily snails go snailing,
As placid as can be,
Two of them are Meg and Liz,
The third - Diana Lee.

Meg the Muddler merely smiles
As she dreams her life away,
And puts off till to-morrow
What she needn't do to day.

Now Little Liz the Lizard
Is as lithe as lithe can be.
Why **she's** so slow, I do not know,
What **can** the matter be?

Diana - well her name suggests
The Goddess of the Chase.
"What's in a name?" the poets say,
Why nothing - in this case.

But really I don't care a jot,
How long these snails may be.
For 'tween ourselves it matters not
As long as they all love me.

Bargie.

Aetat.

Three Years.

"FAIRYLAND"

I was once in Fairyland,
And oh! it was so sweet;
Fairies, elves and little things,
It was a lovely treat.

The day it ended much too soon,
But I'll go back some day,
I hope that you take with me
That journey far away.

Edna Honstein.

111 Lower.

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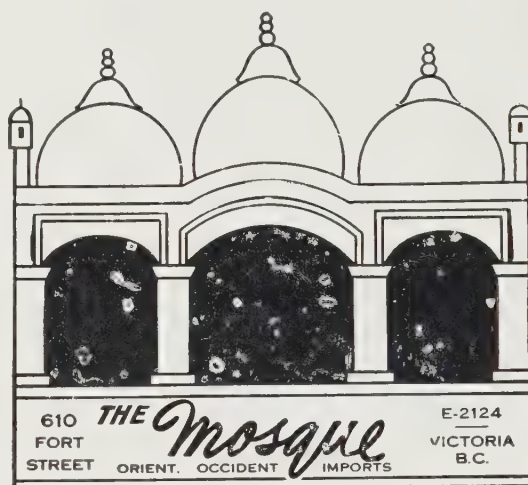
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“EVENING”

The sun has set,
And from the purple-mantled hills
The mists of evening steal,
Shrouding the silent world in shadow.
Lights twinkle like stars in the valley below.
The shadowy hills are guardians
Watching o'er the sleeping earth.
The darkness swirls like a river
Through the hushed streets.
Only the tall, gaunt chimneys
Mar the silent landscape.
The nightingale trills her last sweet notes
From yonder copse;
Then the world sleeps, and all is still.

Ann Robertson
V1 Form.



CROQUET

Have you ever seen two mothers play
That rousing game that's called Croquet?

In high-heeled shoes and party dresses,
Sheer nylon hose and upswept tresses,
They slowly rise from garden benches,
And with dignity of age,
Take up the mallet, the distance gauge.

With stance grotesque and studied aim,
One hits the ball "Oh! what a shame!
Was it the turf that spoiled the shot
And sent the ball right off the lot?"

And so from bad to worse these two —
Round the hoops, but never through,
Drive their ball, as to and fro,
Up and down the lawn they go.

Till, undaunted by many tries,
One hits the post and wins the prize.
I tell you, girls, it's quite worth while
To watch these Mammas set the style.

Terry Castle.
1V Upper.

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THE SUGARING - OFF

To make maple sugar you need the right kind of maple trees. The three kinds of maple trees used are the rock maple and the hard and silver maple. To reach the sap a small hole is bored into the trees and a spout or pipe is driven in. On the end of the pipe hangs a bucket into which the sap runs. Then you take the bucket and pour the sap into a big kettle under which is a large fire. The sap boils and when it is very sweet it is ready to be transferred from the big kettle into the little kettle which has a small fire underneath it. When the sap is in this kettle you must be careful so that it will not burn. You keep tasting it until you think you have your syrup and then you boil it a bit longer for sugar. You then remove the kettle and pour its contents into pans and stir until it cools. Then there is the pulling of the taffy and last of all the sugar moulding where the kettles are kept on the fire until the sap is ready and then you pour it into well greased pans and leave it to cool.

Annette Cabeldu.
111 Upper.

JOURNEYS

Some journeys are taken by land, through paths and over the mountains, and by train, others by 'plane and boat. But the journey all of us are taking, is not by land or sea, it is the journey through life!

Life is like a pretty lane, with other paths jutting off. The main path is straight, it is called "Good" the other paths are "Evil".

The "Evil" paths are black, but to the human soul, they are beautiful. Some very attractive bird or flower, may call one off the "Good Path" onto the "Evil" ones.

One day a little girl was seen skipping along the "Good Path". Suddenly a golden coloured bird whistled loudly. Into one of the "Evil Paths" she ran, to find it. On, and on, she went, but instead of finding it, she lost her way. At last she came to a large marsh, with "Will o' the Wisps" fluttering 'round. Turning she saw the bushes part but just for a moment. In she dashed, and was soon on the "Good Path" again!

It is the same with all of us, we just barely escape the "Evil Paths", or else run right into them.

Anne Munday.
111 Lower.

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AN UNPREPARED LESSON

How often in your school-life have you not prepared your lesson! Of course in an "easy to learn" subject, last minute glances and hasty mutterings to emphasize the words and impress them upon your very feeble mind may be sufficient. But when it comes to learning a theorem one minute before the bell goes, you are not always so successful.

The Mathematic's mistress remembers that you have to write out a theorem - of course she remembers, she always does! You think you can recall which angle equals which other angle, but while the paper is being given out your memory is growing weaker. Very soon after beginning to write you discover that every ounce of your knowledge about the theorem has vanished. Then you frantically try to think of some nonsense to write on that horrid piece of white thing called paper - - which I am sure, if it could laugh, would roar until it tore itself in two, at the very puzzled and thoughtful expression on your face.

After licking your pen for what seems half an hour but is really only two minutes, you begin biting and chewing its end in the hope of gaining, in that way, some inspiration. Finding that trying to eat your pen is no good, you proceed to pick your ruler and scratch the end of your nose with it. Next you try to build a house with the things on your desk. Suddenly they all fall to the floor with a great clatter. The mistress looks up over her spectacles and demands, "Who made that noise?"

Then you raise your hand and say in a very small voice, "I did" and pick up your books and other equipment.

After that you set to work very earnestly drawing pretty girls on the back of your theorem book. At the end of what seems to be countless ages the Mathematics mistress rises to collect the papers, exclaiming when she reaches your desk,

"Is that all you have written?"

"Yes," you meekly reply and add that you do not suppose you learned your theorem very well.

Frowning and raising her eyebrows, as she places the last zero on your paper, the mistress asks, "How long did you spend learning this theorem, Sally?"

You blush a little while you remember that you spent only a moment, before the bell this morning, trying to learn it.

The teacher asks again, very impatiently, how long you spent learning your theorem, and just as your beautiful rosy complexion deepens to scarlet, the bell rings and it is recess. As the Mathem-

An Unprepared Lesson

atics teacher is eager for her cup of tea she excuses you with the rest of the class. You off with your friends resolving to enjoy the next twenty minutes as it is bound to be the last recess you will have for the following three or four days - and just because you did not learn your theorem - you give a long despairing sigh!

N.B. Neither the mistress nor the pupil in story is meant to resemble anyone in particular, but just **any** mistress and **ANY PUPIL IN ANY SCHOOL**, in any part of the world.

Sylvia Dunn.
1V Upper.

WRITING LETTERS

Writing a letter is a task which few enjoy, especially when it is to a Great aunt or some equally august relation. We start off gaily with the address and "dear Aunt Matilda, Carrie or Emily" whichever it is; but then we are stumped. We cannot decide to enquire into her health at the beginning or at the end of the letter; then remembering that we have to thank her for our birthday present, which by the way, we received six months ago, we decide to leave the enquiry to the end.

After thanking her very much for the lovely present which is so useful," we proceed to the weather, explaining in detail what it has been like for the past two weeks and the probabilities for the next two. We make anxious inquiries into the state of weather in Sussex, or the Okanagan, or Timbucktu - - - wherever the dear old soul resides - - and express our earnest hopes that her rheumatism, or lumbago, or whatever she happens to be indulging in, is better. We almost beg her to come to stay with us some time, privately praying that her visit will occur when we are away at school. Here we are stumped again and can think of nothing but "I hope you are very well" which is rather pointless, since we have just hoped that her rheumatism (or lumbago) is better. Desperately we put "with love from" - - fold the tiny piece of paper, push it into the envelope, and address it. Weeks later, as we are just slipping it into the mail box, we notice that it is addressed upside down.

D.Lee.
V Lower

OBERAMMERGAU

Oberammergau, a small village in the mountain valley of the Ammer, in upper Bavaria, lies 2760 feet above the sea, and is about forty-five miles to the south-west of Munich. In eighteen-eighty it contained one thousand three hundred and forty-nine inhabitants, who were mainly engaged in making toys and in carving crucifixes, images of saints, and rosaries. Many of the houses are adorned with quaint frescoes of Biblical subjects.

The interest of Oberammergau to the outer world lies in the Passion Play, which takes place every ten years. It depicts the story of the crucifixion of Christ.

The performers are all taken from the village. Never are two people from the same family allowed principal parts. Since married women are not allowed to have parts in the play, some girls who are to be married postpone their weddings so that they may act. The men and boys who take part in the play have to let their hair grow. If you were in Oberammergau you would see small boys who look like little girls.

In 1934 there were forty thousand people who came from all over the world to see the play. That year they held seventy-three performances. The play started at eight-fifteen in the morning and ended at five twenty-five, with only two hours for lunch. We hope that this play which has thrilled many thousands of people will be continued in spite of the war, for many years to come.

Louanne Glatz.
1V Lower.



TULIPS

The gayest Flowers of all that come
To us each spring, I think,
Are Holland's lovely tulips fair
In red and gold and pink.
I hope that when this war is done
And Holland once more free,
Her fields will bloom with tulips bright,
For all the world to see.

Lettice Purnell.
111 Upper.

An Unusual Person

It would be an unusual sight to see a country woman from Kashmere walking along the streets of Victoria, but in India, of course, it is very common. The woman I am going to describe is one whom we saw on a trip in the 'Bubbul', our house-boat. She was a very-good looking girl with lovely brown eyes, a sparkling smile and rich brown complexion.

She was wearing a sack-like dress of dull red-brown - - a very shapeless thing we would think it, but to the natives it would be very stylish (not that there is any real style about it!). On her head she wore a coarse cotton veil that hung down to her waist. Her wide sleeves rolled up just below the elbows, as she was busy pounding corn. She wore rope-soled sandals with bits of rope over the foot to keep them on.

Her clothing was only a back ground for the ornate jewellery she wore, her ears being weighed down with earrings. There were close to two dozen rings that looked like rather large curtain rings with fancy designs on them connected with the main hook. On her ankles and wrists were heavy gold and silver bracelets. All the family money was put into jewellery so that when the members of the family were in need of funds they could take it into the Mint & have it melted down into a solid block of gold or silver. Then they could sell it to the Mint and receive money for it. As you can imagine, this girl would be an incongruous figure in our part of the world.

Penelope Braide
1V Lower

'Marmaduke'

"Marmaduke" is a very unusual duck, for duck she is in spite of her masculine appendage. In her youth she despised duck food and resorted to chicken corn, which, in spite of the ominous sounds it made, rattling down her throat, seems to have done her no harm. Until I had to banish her to a pond outside the garden wall, her one joy in life was sitting on cold cement or, failing that, the front door mat! She spent the night and most of the day on one or other until we could bear it no longer and she was outlawed from the garden.

"Marmaduke" has a husband now and as I look out of my window I can see the happy couple proceeding along the path. I am hoping that one day "Marmaduke" will lay me an egg but whenever I mention it to her she merely puts on a superior "what do you think I am" expression and passes on.

N. Grant.
V Upper

"ALL THE SCHOOL'S A STAGE"

From "HOW I LIKE IT"
With apologies to Shakespeare.

All the school's a stage,
And all the girls are merely players;
They have their passes and their failures,
And one girl in her time, plays many parts.
At first the baby,
Laughing, playing 'neath the teacher's eye.
Then the small girl, with brave new satchel
And cheery morning grin, who, tripping gaily,
Winds her way to school. And then the second former,
Sighing like a furnace, with a dainty posy
To clear her mistress' eyebrow. Then the wily Junior
Full of strange oaths, and strutting like a cock
Eager for the fray, sly and treacherous in mind,
Seeking new exploits - - more and greater thrills;
Ever in the scolder's grip. And then the Intermediate,
Her plump round body, in large size tunic;
Eyes mischievous, voice rippling in titters and giggles
Full of wise-cracks and the latest gossip - -
And so she plays her part. The sixth age shifts
To the proud and learned Senior,
With spectacles on nose, books under arm,
Her youthful legs well trimmed in long black stock;
Her voice intoning words of disapproval;
Always faithful to her duties. Last scene of all,
That ends this play of every scholar
Is perfect perfectship - - a modest sage - -
Sans brain, sans head, sans life, SANS EVERYTHING!

Katherine Anderson
V1 Form.

BANTAMS.

There came the bantams, down the lawn - -
Greedy little blondies cackling loud for corn - -
Funny, feathered, snow-shoe feet,
Crimson combs and plumage neat.
Some keep peacocks (for appearance) - -
I'm not one of their adherents,
For Golden bantams seem to me
The gayest birds that e'er could be!

Felicity Pepler.
1V Upper.



